



HERE TO WHERE

"No! This can't be true. It must be a nightmare. I am having a nightmare." Zoe said to herself as her friend asked her to deliver the eulogy speech. She stood up with shaky hands. Her lips and throat was dry and her mouth was trembling. She stood up the stage, placed her hands firmly on the table. She began to speak but there were nothing except the sound of her sobbing. She could feel all eyes on her. She managed to thank everyone but then burst into tears.

After the funeral of the one person she was attached to, one person she would share her thoughts with, Zoe was completely left alone in her house. Death of her mother was still a nightmare to her. It was a darkness and now she could feel that darkness filling her life.

It was way past midnight and Zoe

was standing at the rooftop, crying her heart out. She looked up the sky. It was dark, creepy. It felt like it was a huge vast ocean of darkness, completely taking over her vision. But still she stared into that darkness. She closed her eyes. A warm yet cool breeze brushed her skin. And then all memories she had with her mother rushed into her brain. Every sweet and bitter moments, every moment where her mother was her only hope, every moment she kept her alive. She was crying before she knew. Tears flowed down her cheeks like the waves hits the shore. Her face was red, her lips were chapped. A few minutes later she sat there feeling all numb. She was no longer crying. She just sat there as if she was dead inside. She was dead inside.

The next day her friend Stella was there with her to discuss about applying into a college. Both of them had just graduated high school. Zoe wasn't talking much. Stella understood her pain. They were discussing about colleges near Boston, where they lived. That was their plan all along: To get into a college near Boston so that Zoe could visit her mom often. But that's all just a dream now. There was a huge silence between Zoe and Stella. But a couple of minutes later Zoe broke that silence



by saying "Let's get out of here Stella: This house is no longer a home". She said that with absolutely no emotion which left Stella surprised. Stella stared into Zoe's eyes and replied "What on earth are you saying Zoe? You loved Boston more than anyone." Zoe replied with a silence. Stella asked Zoe where she wanted to go and Zoe replied "I have no idea Stella: I just want to get out of here: Every second I spend here reminds me of my mother and that is killing me from inside." Stella nodded her head as an approval. And again, Zoe was crying. Stella hugged her tight and comforted her. It wasn't as comforting as her mother's hug but still she craved for one.

..... A month passed. Zoe visited her mother's grave often. Everytime she visited she always spend a lot of time there telling her mother how helpless she is without her. But it was clear she was trying to move on. She developed a new

habit of staring at the night sky. It provided her some kind of comfort. She ~~stared~~ stared at the streets of Boston and realised how beautiful it was. That's when a wild thought ~~of~~ struck her head. "What if I left all these behind and move to somewhere new? What if I could move on if I had a fresh start?" She was determined to continue with that thought. She packed her bags and then ~~told~~ texted Stella about how much she loves and values her. Zoe had no idea whether it was a good idea but she decided to follow her instincts. She took her stuff and went to her mother's grave. She sat besides it and explained what she was about to do. "Mom, I have no idea if this is a good idea but I know I need a fresh start. So please mom, forgive me if I'm wrong." She wiped her tears, stood up and stared at the sky. Sky was still dark and creepy but there was a tiny star shining bright. It gave her hope and courage, even though she had no idea where she was ~~be~~ going from here. She was alone but her mom still remained as her strength.